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HAWTHORNDEN, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET, DRUMMOND.

Few of our pages, or niches, (which are occupied with memorials of men of genius,) have more interesting associations than the present: the birthplace of Drummond, "the first and best example of a Scottish poet departing from the dialect of his country, and rising into pure and classic English."

Hawthornden is situated amidst the lovely recesses of the picturesque glen of the Esk, in the county of Edinburgh, or Mid-Lothian, about seven miles south of "the Queen of the North." The ancient house rises from a precipitous rock overhanging the south bank of the river. Here was born, December 13, 1585, William Drummond,* poet and historian; the friend of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Young Drummond was educated at Edinburgh, whence he went to London, and being intended for the legal profession, he was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father to study civil law at Bruges. After a residence of nearly four years abroad, he re-

turned to Scotland (1609) and remained at Hawthornden. Soon after his return, his father died, and having thus come into the possession of an independent inheritance, he gave up all thoughts of the law, and resolved to enjoy dignified quiet on his own domain, and there cultivate the graces of poetry. "Than Hawthornden," observes Mr. P. Cunningham, (a son of the poet, Allan,) "no place could be found more likely to awaken the feeling of poetry; the house stands on the top of a rocky and precipitous bank, looking down on the river and caverned woods. The place almost remains the same since the time

That Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;

the wild, romantic glen, cypress groves, and picturesque mansion, are little or nothing altered."

"The first known effusion of Drummond's muse was, 'the Tears on the Death of Mæliades, or the Death of Prince Henry, eldest son of James the First.' Mæliades is a name which that prince assumed in all his challenges of a martial sort, as the anagram of 'Miles a Deo.' The verses were written in 1613, and gained the author great popularity. Drummond says, 'Jonson's censure of my verses was, that they were all good, especiallie my epitaph on the Prince.'

* He was the son of Sir John Drummond, Usher and Knight of the Black Rod to James VI., and Sarah Fowler, his wife. The Drummonds of Hawthornden were descended from those of Carnock, afterwards Earls and Dukes of Perth: the family had given a queen to Scotland, Anabella Drummond, the beautiful and accomplished consort of Robert III., and mother of the poet-king, James I. of Scotland.—Life of Drummond, by Peter Cunningham, prefixed to a handsome edition of Drummond's Poems, just published.

"The following lines have all the tenderness and sweetness of the truest poetry :

Ah! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce then blossom'd in thy pleasant prime,
So falls by northern blast a virgin rose
At half that doth her bashful bosom close.
So a sweet flower languishing decays,
That late did blush, when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays.

"Drummond, though widely known now as a poet, had not yet printed in a collected form any of his verses. A volume, under the title of 'Poems, amorous, funerall, divine, pastorall, in sonnets, songs, sextains, madrigals, by W. D. the Author of the Teares on the Death of Mœliades,' now made its appearance in Edinburgh. It contains some of those exquisite sonnets which rank him so high as a poet.

"On his recovery from a dangerous fit of illness, he wrote 'the Cypresse Grove,' a piece of excellent prose, both for the fineness of the style and the sublimity and piety of the sentiments.* The principal aim of the Author is to represent the vanity and instability of human affairs; to teach us a due contempt of the world; and give us a view of eternal happiness: in this he has succeeded to an eminent degree; his illness must have impressed him with the idea of it, and made him write more feelingly and warmly: the style is flowery and over-poetical for prose. Report has said, this piece was composed in one of the caves of the lofty precipices on which the house of Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called the Cypresse Grove. In 1617, he wrote his 'Forth Feasting,' a congratulatory poem to King James on his revisiting Scotland, which Jonson admired so much that he wished he had been the author of it.

"We now come to the most interesting part of Drummond's life, viz. Ben Jonson's visit to Hawthornden.

"In the year 1618, the latter set off from London on foot, for Scotland, principally with the intention of visiting Hawthornden, where he stayed during the last three weeks of his journey.**

Respecting this visit, the laborious Mr. Chambers notes "a circumstance so characteristic and so probable," that he "cannot but believe it true. Drummond, it is said, on seeing Ben approaching the house, went out, like a good landlord, to the outside of his gate, in order to bid him welcome under the shade of his 'Covin tree.' As he shook the dramatist by the hand, he exclaimed, in mock heroic style,

*Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!†

To which Jonson immediately answered in such a way as to make up a Hudibrastic couplet:

* Lift by Cunningham.—Note.—In old accounts it is stated he stayed some months.

† Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden! †‡

Mr. Cunningham omits this anecdote; but he furnishes us with many interesting particulars of the meeting between the two poets:

"Drummond expected the visit, for he had before corresponded and was on familiar terms with the great dramatist. The meeting was friendly, and their talk turned upon most of the literary and great characters of the day. These conversations were all noted down by Drummond: he thought the more that was known of such a man the better; and very likely wished future ages to bear in mind, that the illustrious Ben made a pedestrian journey to Scotland for the sole purpose of visiting the author of 'the Teares on the Death of Mœliades.' In consequence of these conversations, says Mr. Campbell, 'Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for perfidy;' they have certainly brought down showers of abuse on the author's head."

Foremost among these vituperators was the late Mr. Gifford, and many a literary adventurer may recollect that he had a heavy hand at criticism: he spared neither the rod, nor spoiled the child. In his *Life of Jonson*, he assailed Drummond for certain passages in the anecdotes, which, to say the truth, are of an offensive character; but, Mr. Cunningham notes:

"A writer in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,‡ alluding to Drummond's summary of the character of Jonson, says, 'such is the face and front of Drummond's mighty offence;' only a mighty offence to Mr. Gifford, and to no one else.

"Jonson, as I have said, stayed three weeks at Hawthornden; from thence he returned to London: a correspondence was carried on between the poets, as Jonson intended publishing his *Tour*; part of it was written, but burnt at his death amongst several other papers. Jonson revisited Drummond in April, 1619.

"At Edinburgh, in 1623, was published 'the Flowers of Sion, or Spiritual Poems,' with a reprint of 'the Cypresse Grove.' They could not do otherwise than raise Drummond's poetical fame.

"Now it was that Drummond became enamoured of a young lady, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes: he was fortunate in his addresses; she consented. The day was fixed for their nuptials, and all was ready. Alas! that beauty, of whom he oft had sung,

† Picture of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 86.—"The Covin Tree" is still pointed out to visitors; and Mr. Chambers elsewhere explains that "at all old Scottish mansion houses, there was a tree at some distance from the door, called the Covin Tree, where the landlord met his guests, and to which he always accompanied them, uncovered, when they took their departure."

‡ Vol. ii. p. 497, on the attacks of Mr. Gifford: a warm but calm answer; in which Drummond is brought off the field free, and almost unhurt.

was not destined to be his; for when the day of marriage arrived, the bride was seized with a fever, which put a period to her life, and all the hopes of an ardent lover. She who could occupy all his thoughts when alive, must necessarily fill them more when dead: all his strains bear evidence of his loss, as these passages will show:

Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st; but, ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before;
But she whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.

Each thing I find hath sense except my dear.

I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

Biographers tell us that the death of his intended wife filled Drummond's mind with melancholy; as a foil to which he left Scotland, and travelled on the continent. After his return, in 1633, when Charles I. visited Scotland, Drummond assisted in, or probably wrote, the pageants in honour of, the King's arrival at Edinburgh.

Drummond next commenced writing the Lives of the Jameses of Scotland, which did not increase his fame; though that prince of bibliographers, Horace Walpole, wrote in his copy, "Drummond of Hawthornden, one of the best modern historians, and no mean imitator of Livy."

In 1633, Drummond, then aged 45, married Elizabeth Logan; he took his wife to Hawthornden, and commemorated the event in an inscription on the house.

Drummond was a staunch royalist; and in the great civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament, he took patriotic interest. He wrote tracts against the King's enemies; and one of these pieces the great Montrose, desired him to print, "as the best means to quiet the minds of the distracted populace;" for this and other services, the poet obtained Montrose's protection.

Next follow an extraordinary incident in the poet's life and his exit:

"Drummond happening in the summer of the year 1645 to travel northward, he arrived in the dusk of the evening at Forfar, where he intended to pass the night. The inhabitants of Forfar were at that time a race of strict Presbyterians, and held all poets and rhymers of every degree in utter contempt. They had heard of Drummond's approach to the town, and resolved to show no respect, or even to notice him. Upon his arrival there, he found every door shut against him, including the inns and public houses of resort. Bit to the heart with vexation, and pursued by the cries of an anti-poetical people, he

found it necessary to go onwards to Kirriemuir, "a bad road, rendered additionally painful by the darkness." The Kirriemuirians had received the intelligence of the poet's welcome at Forfar; and, as a little broil was carrying on betwixt the rival towns, they determined to show him every respect. Next morning, on taking leave, he gratified them by presenting a distich in allusion to their quarrels; which is neither good nor indifferent.

"The Kirriemuirians met the Forfarrians at the Muirmosa,
The Kirriemuirians beat the Forfarrians back to the cross;

Sutors ye are, and sutors ye'll be—
Fye upon Forfar! Kirriemuir bears the gree."

"The year 1649, which put an end to the hardships and misfortunes of Charles I., is also marked as the year in which Drummond died: grief for the loss of his master, and the upset of all his hopes, is said to have shortened his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and his remains were interred in the church of Lasswade near Hawthornden.

"Drummond left two sons, William and Robert: the former of whom was knighted in Charles II.'s time; and one daughter, Elizabeth, married to a Dr. Henderson of Edinburgh: his wife survived him some time.

"In this will Drummond says '1000*l.* to be given to my second sone Robert, and another 1000*l.* to my third sone James.' Further, he adds, '500 merkie, with my movabills, will make up a portion for my eldest daughter; and 'my bodie to be buried within twenty-four hours after my departour.'

"There are three pictures of Drummond in the possession of Sir Francis Walker Drummond of Hawthornden. And if we can put faith in pictures, his face was long, coarse, and thought-worn; and this is the more visible from the open neck and Elizabethan collar: there is a decided melancholy about his looks. His head is that of Jonson's in miniature—as manly, but more graceful.

"Of his personal character, all writers, save Gifford, speak highly; he was a tender father, a kind husband, and one who would not willingly give offence; a man of pleasing habits, alluring conversations, and strict piety. In addition, he was a methodical man, somewhat given to sallies of wit and humorous sayings. Kept books, in which he noted down the verses of other men as well as his own: had his letters too in order; preserved whatever struck him as clever in the remarks of his companions or correspondents, or pleased him in the compositions of his own pen."

These papers, we learn from the *Athenæum*, July 21, 1832, were arranged into volumes, or, more properly bundles, from the day of the poet's death till 1782, when they were placed in the safe keeping of the Antiquaries

of Scotland, where they lay for forty years and odd, when Mr. David Laing rescued them from obscurity, and caused them to be bound in 15 volumes.

In concluding this brief outline of the poet's life, we have much pleasure in introducing to the notice of the lover of genuine poetry, the edition of Drummond's Poems lately printed under Mr. P. Cunningham's superintendence. The Memoir prefixed to the Poems, is imbued with the right spirit of enthusiasm, and every page bears evidence of critical acumen and impartiality. After observing upon "the pure and classic English" of Drummond's poetry, Mr. Cunningham says:

"There are examples, indeed, in 'the King's Quhair,' and in other poems: but the language is antiquated, and to us odd; whereas that of Drummond is at this day as pure and elegant as the diction of Milton or Pope. In flow and harmony he is equalled, but certainly not surpassed; in sentiment and expression he is excelled by Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Spenser. He appears not, however, to have formed his verse on the style of any of these great poets: look at his sonnets, and say, what poet of the year 1600 has written ought so neat, so graceful, and so harmonious; Milton's are of a later day. If he deviated into a pure and classic strain, he was followed for a long while by none of his countrymen. Between the days of Sir David Lyndsay and Allan Ramsay, or more properly Thomson, Scotland produced no poet, save Drummond, who could be named with the mighty ones who adorned England: the strains of those songsters were humble and uncouth, and, with the exception of some songs and ballads, scarcely merit the name of poetry. This only increases our admiration of Drummond. He seems to have anticipated the result of the union of the crowns—the gradual blending of his native tongue with the more popular one of England; for though the songs of Burns, and the romances of Scott, will keep the dialect or language from perishing; it will be to some future generation what the language of Chaucer is to ours.

"With all his purity of language, and poetic grace, Drummond has never been a popular poet, in the ordinary meaning of the word. He has, however, enjoyed the reputation which learning and genius bestow: he has been imitated by some, quoted or alluded to by others, and his name is now perhaps as high as it was, when, in the words of Collins,

"Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade."

Mr. Chambers describes Hawthornden as a manor-house of the reign of Charles I. engrafted upon the ruins of an ancient baronial castle. Mr. Cunningham, however, notes that Hawthornden was not rebuilt by Drum-

mond, but was only restored in 1638, although Mr. Chambers states that "the present house was built by the poet; as is testified by an inscription on the front." On one side its walls rise directly up from the brink of a deep precipice: on the other they adjoin to a level and well cultivated domain.

THE "DANE JOHN," AT CANTERBURY.

(To the Editor.)

As the subject of public walks has recently occupied the attention of a Parliamentary Committee, with a view to their formation and improvement in and near London, the following description of one of these salutary aids to the happiness of the people, in an important provincial town, may be interesting to the reader.

Among the public walks contiguous to provincial towns in England, the *Dane John* at Canterbury merits especial notice. It consists of an artificial mount, nearly adjoining the high road through the city, in a large space of ground bounded by the south-western angle of the ancient walls, along the top of which runs a handsome terrace-walk, forming a summer promenade for the inhabitants. This area is planted with trees and shrubs, and is kept with admirable neatness by a gardener, who lives in a cottage picturesquely placed in a small grove of trees near the spot; and has a liberal salary from the corporation purse. The mount itself is ascended by means of zig-zag walks, between quick hedges, and is surmounted by a stone column with a vane and other ornaments, and bearing marble tablets with the following inscriptions:

"This field and hill were improved, and these terraces, walks, and plantations made, in the year 1790, for the use of the public, at the sole expense of James Simmons, Esq. of this city, alderman and banker. To perpetuate the memory of which generous transaction, and as a mark of gratitude for his other public services, this pillar was erected by voluntary subscription in the year 1803."

"The Mayor and Commonalty of this ancient City, in consequence of the expensive improvements lately made in this field, unanimously resolved, in the year 1302, to appropriate the same in perpetuity to the use of the public, and to endow it with sixty pounds a-year for the maintenance and support of the terrace, walks, and plantations, payable out of their chamber."

The principal walk is thirteen feet wide, and about 400 yards long, and the length of the terrace extends to more than 600 yards; having numerous alcoves and seats, and an orchestra, in which a band of music is occasionally stationed. From the terrace and mount, the prospect of the surrounding country, its gently-rising hills and innumerable hop-gardens, superadded to the grandeur and sublimity of the ruins of the castle and monastery, the magnificent cathedral, and other edifices,—combine to form one of the finest *coups-d'œil* it has ever been my good

fortune to enjoy: indeed, the pains which have been taken to render this spot an agreeable public resort for the inhabitants of Canterbury, are highly creditable to the liberality, taste, and good sense, of the corporation. Of the origin of the name of this agreeable appendage to the town, I can speak with less confidence. It is called the *Dane John*, or *Dungeon Field* or *Walks*, and it is supposed to have acquired its appellation from the defensive works thrown up here by the Danes. Mr. Gosling, in his ingenious *Walk in and about Canterbury*, however, questions whether the Christian name were found among Pagans. Some have derived the name from the French word *Donjon*, a turret in old fortifications, and deny that the Danes had anything to do with these works, unless in efforts to destroy them. Again, others have contended, that although John is not a Danish name, *Jon* is. I must, however, leave the matter for "the curious to construe."

PHILO.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

AN EIGHTH TRANSLATION, &c.

(To the Editor.)

IN *Blackwood's Magazine* for June will be found an interesting paper on the "Greek Anthology," in which our excellent friend Christopher North has carefully collected and compared seven translations, by various hands, of Simonides's exquisite fragment, "*Danaë*;" and very beautiful some of them are;—none, however, please me so well as one which I, upon a time, transcribed from a number of the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1821; and which, (though, as a female, my case is absolutely worse than Shakspeare's, with his "little Latin and no Greek,") comparing with those given in an English dress, and submitting it to the test of North's comments upon them, I am inclined to pronounce one of the best, if not the best English translation of this poem, which has appeared; and being persuaded that the learned Editor of *Blackwood*, had he been aware of the existence of this translation, would have added it to his examples, I send it to your widely-diffused Miscellany, under the idea that its perusal will afford pleasure and satisfaction to such of your readers as are also readers of *Maga*, the "*Matchless*." The author's name I am unable to give, as the paper appeared anonymously:—

DANAË.

From a fragment of Simonides.

WHEN the lone ark, in darkness lost,
Recl'd on the ocean, tempest-tost;
When down her cheeks began to flow
Tears that betrayed a mother's woe,
Pale Danaë, close, and closer prest
Her babe in anguish to her breast;
And o'er him said, "Deep woes are mine,
"But peace, my child, and slumber thine!"

"Thou sleepest in a joyless home,
Thy cradle the sea-billow—
Thou sleepest where the wild waves foam,
My troubled breast thy pillow;
While darkly arching o'er thy brow
The swollen surge casts its shade below.

"Thou slumb'st, heedless of the flash,
While lightnings round thee swoop,
Thou slumb'st, reckless of the crash,
While thunders rouse the deep;
Nor, while soft flows in sleep thy breath,
Hear'st in each wind a voice of death!

"A dew of sleep, thine eyelids closes,
But tears from mine o'erflow;
A glowing on thy cheek reposes,
But mine is pale with woe.

Fair child! beneath thy purple vest,
How beautiful, how sweet, thy rest!

"Ah! if my terror mov'd thy fear,
If heard a mother's sigh,

My kiss should steal away thy tear,
My soothing lullaby

Should softly breathe: 'Sleep on, my child,
And with thee sleep the sea-storm wild!
Sleep on, my child! and with thee sleep
The woe that bids me wake, and weep!"

This is something more than an "elegant translation;" it is POETRY—beautiful, and deeply tender: poetry which, once heard or read, is never to be forgotten.

Whilst on the subject of *Blackwood's* article, "*The Greek Anthology*," allow me to mention a similarity between a couplet by Sappho, and a short lyric by an accomplished Englishwoman, which amounts, I think, to a coincidence, probably little dreamt of by the latter. After noticing that celebrated Sapphic, of which Phillips's translation is the best known, viz.—

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile," &c. &c.

North says—"She (Sappho) durst not have depicted a girl thus overcome to the very death, by looking (at), and listening to, a youth. She shows, in another composition of two lines, how near "*a pair bit lassie*" might languish towards deliquium under such an impulse, even in the absence of her beloved boy:

"Sweet mother! no longer am I able to weave the web,
Overcome by longing for that boy, through influences
of Venus, (the Irresistible)."

(Literally rendered by C. North.)

"Mother, sweet mother! 'tis in vain—
I cannot now the shuttle throw;
That youth is in my heart, and brain,
And Venus' ling'ring fires within me glow."

By Elton.*

Let us now compare with this the passion of an English lassie, as painted by an English lady, which also languishes "towards deliquium, in the absence of her beloved

* I add the following translation, but know not by whom it is, as I saw it attached to a picture in a friend's scrap-book, without a name:

"Cease, gentle mother! cease thy sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof;
Whilst on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaon steals my soul away."

boy." In those "Six Canzonets, by Haydn," composed for, and dedicated to, the late Mrs. John Hunter, (which will never, it is to be hoped, be out of fashion, so long as the inhabitants of this wicked world have any sort of taste for music,) will be found a song, the words by Mrs. J. Hunter, the exquisite music by a master who knew how to touch the heart, but in whose tender melody the simple pathos and truth of those words have often, I suspect, been overlooked. It is as follows; and will, at least by the musical, be recognised:—

"My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue—
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodilice blue.
" 'For why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?'
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Luvix is away.
" 'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.
" And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Luvix is away."

But, that in the olden day, queens even spun "the flaxen thread," it might be supposed that Sappho's *amoureuse* was a "paur bit" village "lassie;"—still, princess or peasant, how much more modest, delicate, maidenly, and becoming, is the English girl. Both pictures are true to nature—both bear, in sentiment, a striking, a coincident resemblance; yet, the languishment of the young Greek is calculated to disgust, because she boldly talks of "the fires of Venus;" whilst that of the British maiden, who is suffering under the self-same influence—as may be gathered from her neglect of dress, her tears, sighs, apathy towards accustomed amusements, and feeling of grave-like dullness and solitude,—commands pity and respect; for, it is not proclaimed in unambiguous terms: no, not even to her mother, whose kind reproof the damsel receives in silence, reserving such confessions for "the mossy stone" and herself only.

With these remarks, which will not I trust be deemed otherwise than pertinent, I shall conclude my letter.

Great Marlton, Bucks.

M. L. B.

LAW OF PATENTS.—SPINDLES AND COG-WHEELS.

(To the Editor.)

IN No. 618 of *The Mirror*, page 96, headed "Patents," a Correspondent mentions* the manufacturing of hard steel spindles and the cutting of cog-teeth, invented by Mr. Gilpin, as ceasing with his death. We beg to inform you we purchased the machinery for

* "Upon the authority of Mr. John Farey."

manufacturing spindles, &c., of Mr. Gilpin, and have continued to make them on the same principles to the present time. The machine for cutting cog-teeth was sold to Messrs. Strutt, of Belper; and similar machines may be seen in almost every machine-shop throughout the kingdom.

Important improvements in spinning machinery were effected by these two inventions; and great merit is due to our predecessor.

Sheffield.

TAYLOR, YEOMANS, AND
SHAW.

Anecdote Gallery.

LAW ANECDOTES.—THE BAR, BENCH, AND Woolsack.

WHILST the celebrated Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was at the bar, he by his conduct did much to support the character and dignity of a barrister, which was frequently disregarded by Lord Mansfield, at that time Chief Justice. The attempts of the Chief Justice to browbeat the Counsel were on many occasions kept in check by the manly and dignified conduct of Mr. Dunning. Lord Mansfield possessed great quickness in discovering the gist of a cause, and having done so, used to amuse himself by taking up a book or a newspaper whilst Counsel was addressing the Court. Whenever Mr. Dunning was speaking, and his lordship seemed thus to hold his argument as of no consequence, the advocate would stop suddenly in his address, and on his lordship observing, "Pray go on, Mr. Dunning," he would reply, "I beg your pardon, my lord, but I fear I shall interrupt your lordship's more important occupations. I will wait until your lordship has leisure to attend to my client, and his humble advocate."

Lord Chief Justice Willes had, on one occasion, presided at an Assize at Chelmsford, in Essex, when some persons were tried and condemned for rioting. It was soon afterwards communicated to his lordship, that a large body of rioters were approaching the town, with a resolution to rescue their brethren from the custody of the civil power. Turning to the High Sheriff, who was in Court, his lordship observed, in a determined tone, "Sir, if the rioters attempt to approach any nearer to us, take the prisoners and immediately hang them up in the highest part of the town." This well-timed declaration had the desired effect. The mob, on being informed of the Judge's declaration, thought fit to disperse without attempting to carry their threat into effect.

So rooted and vehement was Judge Hale's abhorrence of everything like improper influence on the Bench, that he carried his

punctilious feelings sometimes to an almost fantastical excess, as the following anecdote will show. A gentleman, who happened to be a party in a cause which stood for trial at the Assizes, sent a buck to Judge Hale, as a present. On the trial coming on, the learned Judge remembered the name, and desired to know "if he was the same person who sent him the venison?" On discovering that this was the fact, he told the donor, "that he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck." The gentleman answered, "that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit;" an assertion confirmed by several gentlemen present. The Judge, however, calling to mind the maxim of Solomon, that "a gift perverteth the ways of judgment," would not suffer the trial to proceed until the venison was paid for, which, the gentleman chose to resent as an insult, by withdrawing the record.

A Welsh Judge, celebrated as a suitor for all sorts of places, and his neglect of personal cleanliness, was thus addressed by Mr. Jekyll, "As you have asked the ministers for every thing else, why have you never asked them for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in Council, the King, George II., being present; till the dispute growing very warm, his majesty put an end to the contest, by calling out in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me the man wid de dying speech," meaning Mr. Adams, who was then Recorder of London, and whose business it, therefore, was to make the report to his majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

When Lord Thurlow was created a peer, the proper officer of the Heralds' College waited on him for his pedigree, that it might be presented to the House of Peers in the customary manner. Lord Thurlow's stern nature could never yield to any exposure of the meanness of his origin,* for his father was an honest weaver of Norwich. The oft-repeated question respecting his father, was at last varied by the herald to "What was your mother's name?" "I cannot tell," was the only surly reply, and this reply is now recorded in the House of Peers instead of a long pedigree.

When Lord Erskine made his *debut* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and

* This is not the motive usually attributed to his lordship.—Ed.

he was just about to sit down. "At tha moment," he used to say, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea drove me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

Mr. John Clerk, (afterwards Lord Eldon,) in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say, in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon jocosely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye'll ken." W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

INDIAN TRAITS.

Two pretty little volumes of *Harper's Miscellany*, published at New York, have just fallen into our hands, and convince us that the Transatlantic publishers are "progressing;" these specimens being much on a par with *Constable's Miscellany*, neatly printed, and sprinkled with cuts. Their subject is—not a reprint from an English work, as most of the volumes of the *American Family Library* are—but an inquiry of some originality, "being Sketches of the Manners, Customs, and Character of the North-American Natives." The work opens with a chapter explanatory of its object, thus strikingly placed before the reader:—

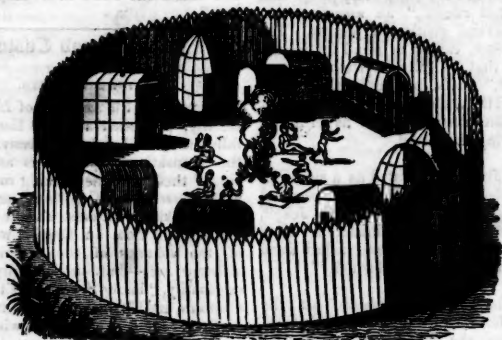
"Two centuries ago, the entire surface of this vast American continent was covered with an Indian population. From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and from the broad waters of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, the Red Man roamed in his native wilderness, fearless and free as the deer that fled from the sound of his footstep. The smoke of his wigwam rose peacefully from every hill-side and every river-bank of the sunny South. The green woods of the North echoed to the voice of the hunter. The prairies of the Illinois and the Wabash were but so many battle-fields for the warrior of the West."

After reference to the power of the Indians at this date, and the characteristic enjoyments of savage life, the writer continues: "Such were the American Indians in the days of their prosperity, and such are they now. It is this extraordinary but unfortunate people to the description of whose manners, customs, institutions, and genius, the following chapters will be chiefly devoted. The sad fact that the race has degenerated and disappeared—and yet more, that the scanty remnants of their tribes which still linger on the frontiers are becoming fewer and feebler from day to day—ought by no means to make them an object of contemptuous regard. On the contrary, they should add to the interest, as they

will undoubtedly add to the value, of all the faithful information which can be collected concerning them. The time will come but too soon, we fear, when the history of the Indians will be the history of a people of which no living specimen shall exist upon the earth;—too soon will the places that now know them know them never again. Their council-fires will have gone out upon the green hills of the South. Their canoes shall plough no more the bosom of the Northern Lakes. Even the prairies and mountains of the far West will cease to be their refuge from the rushing march of civilization. Their

forests will be felled; their game will disappear: and then,—if indeed no portion of them can be rescued by benevolence from the grave of heathenism,—if no blessed ray of the knowledge of man, or the saving truth of Heaven, shall lighten the gloom of the wilderness,—then will the last Indian stand upon the verge of the Pacific seas, and his sun will have gone down for ever.”

The contents are then arranged in chapters, all of which teem with anecdotes of ingenuity and enterprise, and interesting outlines of character—as Personal Traits, Dress, Decorations, and Habitations, whence we select—



A Village of Wigwams.

“The habitations of the American Indians, under various names, have always been much alike in all parts of the continent. In New England, and generally throughout the country, when the Europeans first arrived, they were mostly constructed arbour-wise, of small young trees, bent, and twisted together. A fire was made in the centre of the house, and there was an opening at the top, intended to let out the smoke. This purpose, however, was not very thoroughly effected. The wigwam was but a smoky cell at best; and in rainy and windy weather, when the occupant was obliged to cover his chimney-hole in the roof with a mat, or with boughs of trees, to keep out the moisture, it was still less agreeable, though tolerably warm and dry. A place of entrance, made on one side as a door, was generally left open, but furnished with a hanging mat or piece of bark, which could be easily dropt and fastened over it, in the nighttime or in storms. These wigwams were sometimes built of dry poles instead of young trees, so that when a family wished to move, they had only to bundle up their poles, strap them upon their shoulders, and march off to some other part of the country, where a new habitation could be set up in a few hours. They were governed in their choice of a residence, by the opportunities they met with of

finding abundance of fuel and food. Fresh water and fresh fish were great objects among the rest; and, therefore, a cluster of wigwams was always to be seen in the neighbourhood of good springs, brooks, or rivers.

“It was common also at the South, to surround a whole village with a fortification against enemies, which consisted in a palisado about ten or twelve feet high; and to render it the more secure against a sudden attack, they made the wall of two or three thicknesses. They took care not to neglect having a supply of water within the walls, and a place for a common fire in the centre, around which they often assembled to perform the war-dance.

“The wigwams of the Indians of the North and West are much the same, to this day, with those just described, except that they are more frequently constructed of rough logs for better security against the severe climate of those sections. Occasionally, too, a floor of planks is to be seen; and perhaps shelves, a few nails driven into the walls, and other trifling improvements which have been slowly borrowed from the whites. In the remoter parts of the country, the customs of the English have made no progress, and the wigwams and furniture of the various tribes are made and used precisely as they were two hundred years ago.

Furniture and Food follow : from the latter is



The White Fish.

"The Chippewas, Ottawas, and other tribes living in the neighbourhood of the great Lakes, subsist almost exclusively, at some seasons, on the *white fish*. There is, perhaps, no more delicious food of the fish kind in the world. It is even better than the trout, and those who live on it for months together continue to relish it at the end of that time as a dainty. It weighs from a pound or two to fifteen pounds. In shape it resembles the shad, found in the rivers of the Atlantic coast; but the head is smaller and more pointed, and the bones larger and less numerous. The meat is as white as the breast of a partridge. It loses some of its flavour by being salted, and in that respect only is a less valuable fish than the shad and salmon. The Indians have a way of curing white-fish by drying in the smoke of their wigwams. In this state they are laid up in large quantities during the autumn, for the winter's provision."

Under Cannibalism are narrated a few appalling anecdotes: Courtship and Marriage are more entertaining heads; Domestic Life and Management of Children are next in due course; from the latter we quote—

"The Engraving represents the manner in which the Indian women of Virginia, and other parts of the Atlantic coast were accustomed to confine their children to a kind of broad frame, which answered the purpose of a cradle. Wool, fur, or some other soft material, was always put between the child and the board. In this posture it was sometimes kept several months, until the bones began to harden, the joints to knit, and the limbs to grow strong. Of course, it could either be laid flat on its back, set leaning on one end against a wall, or hung up to a tree or peg by a strap



fastened to one extremity for that purpose. It will be seen, that the manner of carrying the child in summer compelled him to exercise his limbs in holding on. Something very nearly corresponding to all the customs indicated here, is common at this day among the Indians of the remote north and west.

"The next sketch represents a modern Chippewa woman, carrying her child in the winter season.



The names of Indian children are in general given to them after animals of various kinds, and even fishes and reptiles. Thus they are called the *Beaver*, *Otter*, *Black-fish*, *Sun-fish*, *Rattle-snake*, *Black-snake*, &c. They give other descriptive titles, from the personal qualities of the child, or from mere fancy and caprice. In after life others are frequently added on the happening of extraordinary events: thus a great warrior, who had been impatiently waiting for day-light to engage the enemy was afterwards called

Cause day-light, or Make day-light appear.

The Snow Shoe, from the chapter on Arts and Manufactures, must close our present extracts. "The Snow Shoe is an ingenious mechanical contrivance of the Indians, and one without which they would be much at a loss, especially in the northern regions. They are about three feet long, and a foot wide in the broadest part. Little sticks placed across at five or six inches from each end, serve to strengthen them. A net-work of twisted deer-skin, cut into strips, is fastened to the frame, and to this the foot is confined by means of strings of the same material. The Snow Shoe used for travelling over a hilly country is turned up at the end, and pointed. To walk well upon these long and broad bottoms requires as much practice as it does to navigate a canoe. An Indian will travel with them forty miles a day, and sometimes more. (*The Snow Shoe.*)



The Public Journals.

POOR ABERGAVENNEY.

(Concluded from page 111.)

MR. ABERGAVENNEY looked five years older than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah, — he always preferred the Old Testament, — and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us? Lo! certainly in vain made he it, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff remained in immovable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found anything surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergavenney's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergavenney lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral-cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days, but "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." "What *could* be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must

be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of his youngest sister to the Reverend Mr. T——, took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergavenney called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unsocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leaned to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous, appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, insomuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer, they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergavenny ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance. They turned round and looked on each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalm and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part—but—I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who—but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and that often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anticlimax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,

—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous.

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sank back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergavenny's neck-cloth, and put his hand to his heart to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedence seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the mean time, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; "but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation of life I have been unfaithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or

have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned to him: but surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called a humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here? I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes of at least that number), "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that you would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, take the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed for me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he *must* believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all by letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has

been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'That family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can there be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mother and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially *why?*—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—*Because*, the son and brother was a *Doubter!* Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that *one* deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and one by one the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this!"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."
New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader.

LACONICS,

(From England and the English.)

English Vanity.—The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce; and by a species of ultra-mundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme!

Selfishness and Independence.—There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning. "Sir," quoth the boots, "the day's breaking." The merchant turned round with a grim look—"Let it break," growled he, "it owes *me* nothing!" This anecdote is rather characteristic: it shows the connexion between selfishness and independence.

Popularity.—The road to honours is apparently popular; but each person rising from the herd has endeavoured to restrain the very principle of popularity by which he has risen.

Frugidity.—We often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resembles the property of sea-water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.

Self-reflection.—When men begin to think for themselves, they will soon purify in the process of thought the errors they imbibed from others.

Forethought.—Sensible men never do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences.

English Suicides.—No people destroy themselves with a less lively inclination; and, so generally are sudden reverses of fortune, the propellers to the deed, that with us not one suicide in ten would cease to live, if it were not that he has nothing to live upon. In fact, he does not relinquish life—life relinquishes him.

Error.—There is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

Truth.—One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth!

Courage.—There is a doggedness in English courage which makes it more stubborn against adversity than that of any other people: it has in it more of the spirit of resistance, if less of the spirit of assault.

The Mammon.—As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral inquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held. In some countries Pleasure is the idol; in others, Glory, and the prouder desires of the world; but with us, Money is the mightiest of all deities.

Political Honesty.—Any man who has gone through a popular election, knows that there it is often by the honesty of the women that that of the men is preserved. *There the conjugal advice is always "Never go back from your word, John."*—"Stick true to your colours."—"All the gold in the world should not make you change your coat." How many poor men have we known who would have taken a bribe but for their wives.

Cliques.—The *clique* of fine ladies and the *clique* of dandies still exist; and these are the donors of social reputation. We may say of them as the Irishman said of the thieves, "They are mighty generous with what does not belong to them,"—being without character themselves, we may judge of the merits which induce them to give a character to others.

The Country Gentleman.—What an enviable station is that of a great country gentleman in this beautiful garden of England!—he may unite all the happiest opposites—indolence and occupation, healthful exercise and literary studies. In London, and in public life, we may improve the world—we may benefit our kind, but we never *see* the effects we produce; we get no gratitude for them; others step in and snatch the rewards; but in the country, if you exert equal industry and skill, you cannot walk out of your hall but what you see the evidence of your labours: Nature smiles in your face and thanks you! Yon trees you planted; yon corn-fields were a common—your capital called them into existence; they feed a thousand mouths, where, ten years ago, they scarce maintained some half-a-dozen starveling cows. But, above all, as you ride through your village, what satisfaction creeps around your heart. By half that attention to the administration of the poor-laws which, in London, you gave to your clubs, you have made industry replace sloth, and comfort dethrone pauperism. You, a single individual, have done more for your fellow-creatures than the whole legislature has done in centuries. This is true power; it approaches men to God; but the country gentleman often refuses to acknowledge this power;—he thinks much more of a certificate for killing partridges!

Religion.—As mankind only learnt the science of navigation in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars,—so, in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of life, we have fixed our hearts upon the more sublime and distant objects of heaven.

Education closes not with the boy; education is the work of a life.

THE MOTHER.

Suz is a mother!—what a bliss
Unbounded loads a name like this
With meaning, whose concenter'd might
Is mock'd by that mean word,—delight!
For sooner may cold earth describe
The glories of th' angelic tribe,
Than any, save a mother, tell
What mysteries in her being dwell.—
How spirit-fill'd her loving face!
How beautiful! thereon to trace
The imagery of rising thought,
By feeling's hidden sculpture wrought!—
When infant voices round her roll,
Like echoes of maternal soul,
And words like shatter'd music rise
Faint on her ear, in fond replies,

From lips that quiver, lip, and play.
 Like blossoms on a breezy day !—
 But, ah ! should maledy destroy
 Each fairy bud of infant joy,
 And broken cries but half reveal
 The buried pangs dark moments feel,—
 What wrong despair in tragic stone,
 What misery in marble shows,
 In eloquence of grief can vie
 With all that loads her living eye !—
 When bending o'er a tortured child,
 By fits 'tis fervent, and, or wild,
 And prompt, if pain might thus be quell'd,—
 To drink the anguish she beheld
 Into her soul, with one deep gaze !—
 And bear it with immortal praise !

R. Montgomery.

MRS. INCHBALD.

MRS. INCHBALD was a beauty, a virtue, a player, and, in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, an authoress of works which will always live. Her family were numerous, distressed, and importunate; she was generous and benevolent; and yet she, by the labour of her own hands, accumulated a handsome independence. Her character is a singular compound of steadiness and impulse. She did the wildest things that girl or woman ever did; but such was the sterling purity of her mind, and above all, the decision of her temper even in the midst of folly, that reproach never, except but momentarily, visited her fair fame. She left her home a mere girl, with a determination of seeking employment upon the stage; was for some time exposed to all the temptations and dangers which beset a beautiful and unprotected creature in London; and yet came out of the ordeal only brighter and purer than she entered it. All her life she seems to have been warmly attached to male society: her friendships, acquaintances, and correspondences with men of various views and ranks, are most numerous. She answered every letter, even when it conveyed proposals of a kind which she repelled with indignation. She stood upon her independence, without exactly reflecting what it was she stood upon; but the men knew it, and were afraid. After the death of that excellent man Inchbald, (albeit a vagabond by law,) she never married again—though not from any objection she had to the married state: several, nay many, fluttered about her for years, but never resolved on the fatal *pop*. Sir Charles Bunbury was her most noted admirer; John Kemble was another; Holcroft swells the list; Dr. Giborne all but plunged, and would not have had the fate Holcroft met with. The famous Suett and Dick Wilson, a noted actor, were among her rejected. Mr. Glover, a man of beeves and land—in fact, a country gentleman of fortune—offered his hand and his estate; and the biographer seems to wonder why they were not accepted. The cause is hinted at: Sir Charles Bunbury was in a more uncertain mood than ever, and seemed

to be inclined to throw the weight into the legal scales, and kick the matrimonial beam. He did not: not because the lady was an actress—a farmer's daughter, whose birth-place bordered on his own extensive domains in Suffolk—but most probably because he saw and knew that no empress on her throne was more in the humour to have her way as regarded herself, and all connected with herself, than the fair authoress of the unequalled *Simple Story*. She laid no trap—was no hypocrite—hated the syren's arts—or this eminent member of the turf, “wide awake,” as he might fancy himself, would have assuredly been conjoined with much green-room notoriety. He could not have had a fairer, a purer, a more noble-spirited creature: who was, moreover, a woman of genius—a woman of inexhaustible stores of knowledge, and who would have done honour to the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet. True, Sir Charles would have been overrun with Debby, and Dolly, the Hugginses, the Bigsby, the Hunts, and the Simpsons; and such a tag-rag and bob-tail of poor relations is worse than death to an aristocratic personage, who fancies he has only married a beauty and a genius.

Mrs. Inchbald, as plain Mrs. Inchbald, did justice and kindness to these people, out of her hard-earned funds. She did not want their society, and had little of it: as Lady Bunbury she could have hardly done more, or been more annoyed. Sister Dolly was a barmaid; and, alas! sister Debby, (“more beautiful than *me*,” writes the authoress,) joined the frail sisterhood, who, because they depend upon the accidental exhibition of personal charms, are said to live upon the monster Town. These were serious drawbacks in the estimation of perhaps a selfish man of the world; but what must they have been to poor Mrs. Inchbald herself? She was a queen among these poor relations: it is to be doubted whether the baronetcy could have raised her higher in their estimation, than the “trunk-makers” of the gallery, on the night of one of her successful comedies, when all the house were rapt in enthusiasm, or when the king took the cue from the people, and commanded each of her new pieces, generally a few nights after its first exhibition. After every successful play or farce, she was besieged by these poor unfortunates, and always distributed a portion of her gains. The rest was inexorably deposited in the funds; and though, between her charity and her determination to secure independence, she was often reduced to second stories, at 3s. 6d. per week, to scour her own floors, and wash down the stairs in turn, with her own hands—hands that on the same day held the pen, and kept the country in a state of delight with the result of its markings—still she persevered—still she determined upon

saving enough to secure her from hanging on the charity of others, and keeping enough to dispense among the poor relatives whom accident had thrown in part upon her bounty. Nay, she allowed her old sister a hundred a-year, when she could not afford herself coals: her Diary speaks of her crying for cold, and her only consolation being that she had secured her poor sister a good fire. If this is not nobility, what is? Some of her conduct bears the air of rigidity; and yet, contemporaneously with it, we find the whole laughing nature of this splendid woman breaking through the crust of custom, and indulging in—what shall we call them?—foibles—follies—imprudencies?—amusing herself with run-away-knocks at night; with running over the town, and wearing the stones of Sackville and other streets into holes after Dr. Warren, for whom she had conceived a *platonic*, in spite of his being a married man; nay, with even permitting addresses in the street, which she called “adventures:” with her visits to bachelors, like Mr. Babb, at Little Holland House, or her perpetual Sunday dinners and readings with that fine specimen of humanity old Horace Twiss, the father of the present Horace. We call him old, because we remember him as such; but at the time we speak of—when he had the supreme pleasure of being visited every Sunday by the “tenth Muse,” in the shape of a beautiful and exemplary actress—he was a young and flourishing merchant, besides being a man of property and cultivated intellect. He had an enthusiastic love of the drama—not of the green-room and the stage only—an attachment which he afterwards showed by his marriage with the beautiful sister of Mrs. Siddons. It may be stated, though hardly necessary to prove the perfect purity of Mrs. Inchbald’s visits to this bachelor, that her Sunday readings were continued after his marriage.

Mrs. Inchbald lived to be nearly seventy years of age. She was a Roman Catholic, and did honour to that faith. She is buried in Kensington churchyard. The Memoirs of her life, written by herself, were destroyed at her death. We cannot help lamenting that such should have been her will.—*Spectator*.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Some of the following brief accounts of the closing scene of men of genius, may tend to show how far a predominant passion or favourite pursuit may influence the mind even at the latest hour of life. In nearly every instance, “the ruling passion strong in death” is found to be displayed.

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature.

Addison’s dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. “Behold,” said he to the dissolute young nobleman, “with what tranquillity a Christian can die!”

Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of “Dies ira.”

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, “My friend, the artery ceases to beat,” and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Bede died in the act of dictating.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line.

Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil. Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Lucan died reciting some verses of his own *Pharsalia*.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great affability, “Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four-and-twenty hours.”

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words—“You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one who can be an atheist.” The last words he uttered—Head—Army—evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Tasso’s dying request to Cardinal Cynthis was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works, and commit them to the flames, especially his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Clarendon’s pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life.

Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled, “A Ballad, made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish.”

Barthelemy was seized with death while reading his favourite Horace.

Sir Godfrey Kneller’s vanity was displayed

in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says, he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; he was sitting up in his bed, contemplating the plan he was making for his own monument.

Wycherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bed-side, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. There is every reason to believe, though it is not stated in the account, that so reasonable a request could not be denied at such a moment.

"Bolingbroke," says Spence, "in his last illness desired to be brought to the table where we were sitting at dinner; his appearance was such that we all thought him dying, and Mrs. Arbuthnot involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is quite an Egyptian feast.' On another authority he is represented as being overcome by terrors and excessive passion in his last moments; and, after one of his fits of cholera, being overheard by Sir Harry Mildmay complaining to himself, and saying, 'What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?'"

Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me."

In D'Israeli's admirable work on "Men of Genius," from which some of the preceding accounts are taken, many others are to be found, tending to illustrate more forcibly, perhaps, than any of those instances we have given, the soothing, and if the word may be allowed, the benign influence of literary habits on the tranquillity of the individual in his latest moments.—*Infirmities of Genius.*

The Gatherer.

Voltaire.—The Duke of Orleans, who was so angry with Voltaire that he ordered him to be sent to the Bastille, on seeing the representation of *Edipe*, sent immediately to release him. On the poet's waiting on the prince to thank him for his deliverance, "Be more prudent for the future, Voltaire," said he, "and I will watch over your fortune."—"I humbly thank your royal highness," said Voltaire, "but I shall consider myself greatly honoured by your generosity, provided that you do not furnish me with the same board and lodging again."

Monsieur Brossi was a contemporary of Voltaire; he wrote a great number of pieces for the theatre, most of which were so loosely written, that they were generally reduced by the performers to farces, or pieces of one act. Brossi, of course, felt hurt at this treatment; and one day, when a full piece of his was cut

down to one act, he could refrain no longer: "Zounds, gentlemen!" said he, "if my plays are to be hacked and hewed in this manner, what shall I do to have a play represented in five acts?" Voltaire, who was behind the scenes at the same time, replied, "Write it in eleven, and perhaps you may succeed."

FERNANDO.

Chief Justices.—It is singular, that during seventy-seven years there have been only four Chief Justices of the Court of King's Bench: Lords Mansfield, Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden.
F. H. N.

Triumphant Retort.—As Monsieur de la Motte, soon after the representation of his *Ines de Castro*, (which was very successful, although much censured by the critics), was sitting one day in a coffee-house, he heard several of those critics abusing his play. Finding that he was unknown to them, he joined heartily in abusing it himself. At length, after a great many sarcastic remarks, one of them, yawning, said, "Well, what shall we do with ourselves this evening?"—"Why, suppose," said De la Motte, "we go to the seventy-second representation of this bad play!"
FERNANDO.

Lucky Exchange.—At the representation of *Mithridate*, Beaubourg, who was a remarkably ugly man, played the part of *Mithridate*, and Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, *Monimia*. The latter, therefore, having occasion to say, "Signior, you changed countenance." "Oh! let him, let him," said a man in the gallery, "he cannot change it for a worse."

Whitehall.—The chapel at Whitehall has never been consecrated.—*Sir R. H. Inglis, in Parliament.*

A Customer.—A runaway couple were married at Gretna Green. The Smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea."—"True," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. He is a customer. You I may never see again."

The Cholera and Fruit.—At the Anniversary Dinner of the Market Gardeners' Society, a few days since, Dr. Birkbeck observed, that "so far from the moderate use of cooked vegetables and ripe fruit tending to the progress of the disease, (Cholera) he was of opinion, (and he was supported in it by much abler men than himself, and the greater portion of the medical profession,) that it tended to strengthen men against that as well as most other diseases."

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